






THE HISTORY
OF
JACK AND THE GIANTS.



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JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

In the days of King Arthur, there lived in Cornwall, a valiant son of a Blacksmith called Jack: he was of a bold disposition, and took delight in reading of the Fairies and Witches, and Giants, which at that time infested those parts. One day, while Jack was wandering near the sea side, he saw a great giant named Grimgruffinhoff, who lived at St. Michael's Mount, carrying off the cattle of the neighbouring farmers, to his boat that lay in the bay. While he was gone for a fresh load, Jack cut a hole in the bottom of his boat, and nailed a piece of tar'd canvass over the place; the giant coming back very suddenly, shoved Jack into the boat, and row'd off for the Island, but Jack was determined to destroy him; when they got the land he slyly tore off the canvass, the boat sunk, and the cattle swam ashore. Jack mounted an Ox, and reached the castle in safety, while poor old Grim reached the bottom of the sea. Jack now sold all the things at the castle, and returned with the money. Having heard of a Giant named Blunderboar, he could not rest till he had destroyed him, for which purpose he boldly knocked at his gate, and asked for a night's lodging. The giant said "that he was quite welcome," and shewed him his bed, thinking what a nice dinner he would make of him. But Jack kept

wide awake, and watched for his coming. Jack said, I must get out of bed, and see what is to be done. He picked up one of the giant's clubs, and put it under



the sheets, then peeped from behind the bed. The giant gave with his bludgeon five or six tremendous blows at the club in the bed, which he thought to be Jack, and then walked into his sitting room.

Early next morning Jack hastened to see the giant, to thank him for his hospitality. When the giant saw him he started up, and stammered out—"How did you sleep." "Oh very well," said Jack, "only a rat gave



me a few slaps on the face with his tail; but I soon went to sleep again." The giant wondered at this. But still pretending great kindness for him, asked him to partake of some porridge.

Now Jack, to make the giant believe that he could eat as much as himself, had contrived a bag inside his coat, so that he could, unperceived by the giant, slip the porridge into it.

When breakfast was over, he said to the giant, "Now, I'll show you a fine trick." So taking up a knife, he ripped open the bag, and all it contained ran upon the floor.

"Odds splutter hur nails!" said the Welsh giant, who ashamed to be outdone by such a little fellow as Jack, "hur can do that hurself;" and snatching up the knife, he plunged it into his stomach, and instantly dropped down dead.

Jack having destroyed this monster, travelled on in search of new adventures, when hearing the screams of a lady in distress, he rushed through the bushes to her assistance, when he saw a Magician dragging her by the air of her head into an enchanted Castle, guarded by two fiery dragons. Jack put on his invisible coat, (which had been given to him by a Fairy) and then followed him past the dragons till he reached the castle hall, where he saw a charmed horn, underneath which was these words :—

“ He who can this trumpet blow,
Shall be preserv'd from every harm,
Shall all his enemies o'erthrow,
And destroy Old Magic's Charm.



“ Well,” said Jack, “ I’ll have a try ; so here goes.”
With the first breath he blew such a blast, that the
castle trembled, the Magician turned pale, and then sunk

into the earth. Jack then released the prisoners, and sallied out in quest of a giant called "Brobdignag the Bone Grinder," who lived in the same wood. As he was passing through the wood he espied the giant lying on the ground in the agonies of death, with a fatal cup by his side, out of which he had been drinking poisoned wine, given to him by the crafty Magician, who wanted to get rid of his troublesome neighbour. On seeing Jack, he tried to rise, and could not, but in a faint voice repeated the following lines:—

" Fe ! fa ! fo ! fam !
 I smell the blood of an Englishman :
 Be he alive, or be he dead,
 I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

" Poor fellow," said Jack, " it is all up with him and his fe fa fam, he will not grind my bones to day." He then stepped nearer to him, and discovered by his crown that this was the King of the giants, who at last uttered a deep groan and expired. Jack then found some large valuable diamonds about his crown and person, which he took with him, intending them as a present for the king's daughter.

Jack having heard there were other gaints in Wales, travelled forth till he came to a castle, where one of

them named Gogmagog resided, but how to destroy him was the next task; at last Jack, with a pick-axe, dug a deep hole, and covered it with boughs and long grass: then knocking at the gate, the giant rushed forth, but had not run far before he fell into the pit, upon which Jack turned suddenly round, and with



one blow of his pick-axe killed the ugly monster. After travelling some distance, and being very tired, he went to sleep in the forest, where he was picked up by Blood-sucker, a dreadful three-headed Giant, who carried him to his castle, locked the gate, and then

told him he meant to eat him up for his supper. This was the most dangerous situation Jack had been in. The giant now got the brandy bottle out and made Jack fill his glass, that he might wet his appetite; but alas for the giant! he took a drop too much, and his three heads went to sleep one after the other; ah! says Jack, now's my time, so stepping up to him gently, he took his keys, set fire to the place, let himself out, locked the gate, and then enjoyed the roasting of the giant who would have devoured him. At last Jack found there was but one giant left who was old, blind, and near his death, and an easy prey: but Jack spared his few remaining days, and let him die quietly. He then returned to King Arthur, who made him one of the knights of his round table, and gave him in marriage his favourite daughter, with a fine castle, and twenty miles of land.









